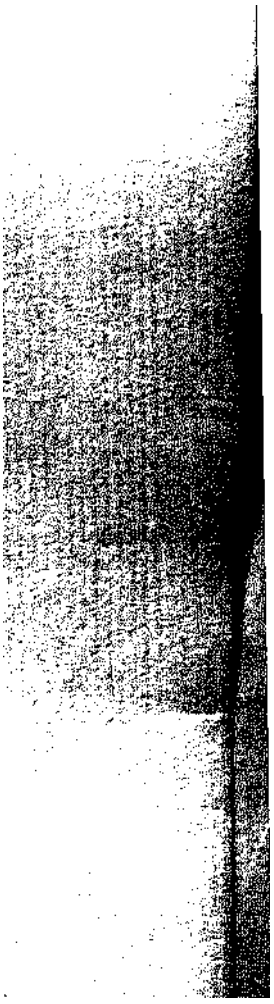
The Caterpillar and the Ant



Can foot a minuet or jig,
And snoov 't like ony whirly-gig;
Which gars my jo aft grip my hand,
Till his heart pitty-pattys, and—
But laigh my qualities I bring,
To stand up clashing wi' a thing,
A creeping thing the like o' thee,
Not worthy o' a farewell t' ye/
The airy Ant syne turned awa,
And left him wi' a proud gaffa.
The Caterpillar was struck dumb,
And never answered her a mum:
The humble reptile fand some pain,
Thus to be banter'd wi' disdain.
But tent neist time $he Ant camie foy,
The worm was grbwto a Bttilerfy;
Transparent were his ^vfegs m& ftjr,
Which bare him flight'nag'through: thie ftfc*
Upon a flower he stapt fiis Higiht,
And thinking on his former slight;
Thus to the Ant himself addrest:
' Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest?
And notice what I now advise:
Inferiors ne'er too much despise,
For fortune may gie sic a turn,
To raise aboon ye what ye scorn:
For instance, now I spread my wing
In air, while you 're a creeping thing/"

ALLAN RAMSAY.